

Good Morning 649

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Continuing
RON RICHARDS'
"Civvy Street
Guide"

* You Have to Queue For Your Ticket

BEFORE we go deeper into the intricacies of your change-over from Service life to Civvy Street, let's figure roughly when you will get the one-way ticket. From the chart on to-day's back page you will be able to figure your demob group number, but it may not necessarily work out just like that.

Let's start at the beginning.

General demobilisation does not start until Japan is beaten, but the vast new machine that is all ready to roll will go into bottom gear when things in Europe start to take shape.

This overture will be known as the re-allocation of manpower. The whole position will be reviewed when hostilities cease, and although the group number system is expected to be the basis of the final demobilisation plan, nothing so far announced can be taken as final.

The present scheme has its peculiar drawbacks, of course, but on the whole it seems to be the fairest of many that were tabled.

It ensures that Far Eastern fighters will receive equal treatment, so far as conditions make it possible, with troops nearer home.

Anyway, if you bear in mind that this is merely an interim plan and that it is necessary to have such a plan in order that labour may be given the right poise for the maximum striking power, you will agree that the scheme has many good points, even if it does include you out.

Now, this is how it will work.

If you are in Group "A" you will be released in order, according to your group number. If you come under Group "B" you may be released out of turn.

Class "B" men will consist of men who may be required for reconstruction work. That includes the building of homes, of course. Their release will depend solely upon national needs. It is probable that other trades will be added to the list later.

There are provisions for the release of key men also. Married men will not get priority in the partial demobilisation plan, but they will form a high

proportion of the men released under the age plus length of service scheme.

Class "A" men will, when released, be placed on a special reserve, from which they would be recalled only in extreme emergency.

Class "B" men will also be transferred to a reserve, and will be recalled to the Services if they leave their allocated reconstruction employment.

This is a similar arrangement to that which now exists for men temporarily released from the Services for vital civilian war industry. It must be understood that if there is a Class "A" man suitable for a civilian job he will have priority of claim over the Class "B" man. In any case, the first releases will come from the first group.

An important point concerning Group "B" is that the demobilisation officers will not submit to any form of coercion or pressure from anyone to get a priority release for any individual. If a man is needed the Government will say who is to fill it.

Your pre-war employer has absolutely no right of claim to your services unless it is your turn to go.

This is part of the arrangements for ensuring complete fairness in release, and for avoiding dissatisfaction, which occurred after the last war.

Also, I must stress that no man will be released or transferred if he is required by the Service, though every effort will be made to demobilise men in their turn, wherever they may be serving at the time.

Well, that is the plan. Here are a few points which may help your discussions.

Age, plus service really means this:—

Two months' service are equal to one additional year of age, so that a man of twenty-two with four years' service would be in the same release group as a man of forty years with one year's service.

A man of twenty-four with four years' service would be in the same category as a man of thirty with three years' service.

The reasons why married men cannot have priority are:

(1) Men were called up according to age groups, irrespective of their marital state.

(2) The inclusion of age as a balancing factor against length of service will naturally benefit the older men, the greater majority of whom are married.

(3) It is not thought fair to give priority to a man who married just before he went overseas and has no domestic responsibilities over a single man who may have members of his household, such as aged parents, dependent upon him. Of the first 500,000 to be released under the age plus length of service rule, approximately 90 per cent. will be married men.

Priority of release for men with children or other dependants was rejected also as being impracticable and likely to lead to anomalies.

To add marriage as a separate factor carrying a special priority would tilt the scale further against the single man with long service, who would have to await his turn.

Regarding priority for overseas service, the answer is that it certainly was considered, but later rejected on account of untold difficulties. Anyway, extra leave and pay are considered to be adequate reward for foreign service. If a special priority were given for foreign service, more men would have to be withdrawn from the war than could possibly be spared.

Also, it is not a man's own decision whether or not he goes overseas or stays at home. It would be wrong to penalise men who had been forced to stay at home, often much against their will.

The call-up of age groups and the continued sifting of men still reserved will go on until the end of the war. Well, I think that about covers the subject. But if you are not clear on any point let me know.

Next week I will deal with gratuities and what the Pusser will give you with your ticket.

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway) but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address: "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1



"Service" News for L.T.O.

Geoff. Bloomfield

FINDING a mother and sister of a submariner who have been over a submarine is unusual, to say the least. When your mother admitted also, L. Torpedoman Geoffrey Bloomfield, that they'd had tea and a "tot" with the boys there, we were quite amazed.

That, however, was what we learned when we called at 18 Oval Gardens, Grays, to get some home news for you.

Your mother told us she and Elsie had been to Portsmouth a fortnight ago and looked over a submarine with "Guns," one of your pals.

Talking of pals — George Smith, who is still at home, and "Guns," too, are hoping to see you soon at the "Queen's"

and the "Clarendon," together with your Wren girl-friend, Betty, who, according to mother, is feeling fine, but missing you a lot.

There were only your mother, Peter (aunt Eileen's little boy) and "Bill Bos'n" at home when we called, but they gave us a grand welcome. Over some excellent tea we looked at your album. You certainly won't forget your submarine service in a hurry with that about!

After tea we went into the garden to take a picture. The spring daffodils were out, and Dad had laid out a new lawn, complete with intricately woven string to keep the birds away. (It almost competes with that immense lido in the next gar-

den.) The new grass is strong and healthy, all ready for you and the deck-chair again.

Elsie and Ted are well, and join with all the folk you know in sending best wishes for a prompt return so that you can all go around in a gang once more.

Dad and Mum and Betty send their very special love and hope to have you with them soon.

Just before we left, your mother said we should remind you about the big order she and Betty gave you. You know what she meant—so don't forget, sailor!

A.B. Charlie Staggs— A Soft Time's Coming

IF you are feeling tired when you arrive home at 33 Alexander Road, Holloway, N.19, in a comfortable bed. Yes, your mother assured us that she is keeping it well aired for you, and it sounds very much as though she knows her submariner.

Anyway, Charlie, she is keeping very well, and so are Gladys and Renee. We don't know whether it is work that keeps your two sisters so fit, but we have been told that the two things usually go together.

Ernest is still getting on well in the Army, and when Gladys heard from Ken recently he sounded as cheerful as can be expected for a prisoner of war. That urge for work doesn't seem to be confined to your sisters, Charlie; your father is still hard at it. But he, too, seems to be thriving on it.

We think we ought to warn you, Charlie, that if you arrive home without that silk you have spoken about in your letters, there is likely to be trouble in the house!

Anyway, Charlie, whether you bring home the silk or not, we are sure you'll get a great welcome in Alexander Road; and don't forget, that bed's waiting!

Rustic Memories for Gnr. E. Clarke



I'M still rubbing my head (writes "G.M." representative) to remind me of my visit to your pretty old cottage in the country, Gunner Edwin Clarke. Your mother said you are 6ft. 2in. and always had trouble with the ceilings at home. I'm nowhere near as tall as that, but I nearly touched the ceiling all the time I was there.

Pound Cottages, Lapworth, are so far out in the wilds that I did not arrive there until 9 p.m. Your mother was by the

fireside, knitting, and the oil lamp was burning. Your chair is still waiting for you, Edwin.

Doris, your sister, is much better, and your mother is keeping well. Gwen Turner next door wishes to be remembered to you, and the old gent is pretty spry. Your mother still does plenty of gardening.

By the way, Peter from Cublington Post Office has joined up, and Mrs. Batten "at the end of the row" still has a cottage full of cats.



A.B. Charlie Staggs, you will be able to go right off to sleep

The Prisoner of Assiout

IT was a sultry December day. Gray haze spread dim over the rocks in the desert. The arid red mountains twinkled and winked through the heated air. I was weary with climbing the great dry ridge from the Tombs of the Kings. I sat on the broken arm of a shattered granite Rameses. My legs dangled over the side of that colossal fragment.

In front of me, vast colonnades stood out clear and distinct against the hot, white sky. Beyond lay bare hills; in the distance, to the left, the muddy Nile, amid green fields, gleamed like a thin silver thread in the sunlight.

A native, in a single dirty garment, sat sunning himself on a headless sphinx hard by. He was carving a watermelon with his knife—thick, red, ripe, juicy. I eyed it hard.

With a gesture of Oriental politeness, he offered me a slice. It was too tempting to refuse, that baking hot day, in

"I broke into the Sheikh's room by the flat-roofed outhouse that led to his window, and I locked the door; and there, before the Sheikh could rouse his household, I beat him . . . within an inch of his life"—Such is the way in which the lowest dog of a lover revenged himself when the harem took his sweetheart from him. The story is told by GRANT ALLEN.

that rainless land, though I knew acceptance meant ten times its worth in the end in bakshish.

In a few minutes' time we had fallen into close talk of Egypt, past and present; the bad old days; the British occupation; the effect of strong government on the condition of fellahin.

I speak but little colloquial Arabic myself, though I understand it with ease when it is spoken, so the conversation between us was necessarily somewhat one-sided. But my Egypt-

tian friend soon grew voluble enough for two, and the sight of the piastres laid in his dusky palm loosed the strings of his tongue to such an alarming extent that I began to wonder before long whether I should ever get back again to the Luxor Hotel in time for dinner.

"Ah, yes, excellency," my Copt said slowly, when I asked him at last about the administration of justice under Ismail's rule, "things were different then before the English came, as Allah willed it."

"It was stick, stick, stick, every month of the year. No prayers availed; we were beaten for everything."

"If a fellah didn't pay his taxes when crops were bad, he was lashed till he found them; if he was a Christian, and offended the least Moslem official, he was stripped to the skin and ruthlessly bastinadoed. And then, for any insubordination, it was death outright—hanging or beheading, slash, so, with a simitar." And my companion brought his hand round in a whirl with swishing force, as if he were decapitating some unseen criminal on the bare sand before him.

"The innocent must often have been punished with the guilty," I remarked in my best

Arabic, looking vaguely across at him.

"Ah, yes," he assented, smiling. "So Allah ordained. But sometimes, even then, the saints were kind; we got off unexpectedly. I could tell you a strange story that once happened to myself."

"Say on," I answered lightly, drawing a cigarette from my case. "A story is always of interest to me, my friend. It brings grist to the mill. I am a man of the pen. I write down in books all the strange things that are told me."

My Egyptian smiled again. "Then this tale of mine," he said, showing all his white teeth, and brushing away the flies from his sore eye as he spoke, "should be worth you money, for it's as strange as any of the Thousand and One Nights men tell for hire at Cairo."

"In our village lived a Sheikh, a very hard man: a Mussulman, an Arab, a descendant of the Prophet. He was the greatest Sheikh for miles and miles around. He had a large white house, with green blinds to the windows, while all the rest of us in his government lived in mud-built huts, round and low, like beehives."

"And he had a harem, too; three wives of his own, who

were beautiful as the day—so girls who had seen them said, for as for us, we saw them not—plump women every one of them, as the Khedive's at Cairo, with eyes like a gazelle's, marked round with kohl, and their nails stained red every day with henna.

"Now, there was a girl in our village, a Nusrani like me, a beautiful young girl; and her name was Laila. Her eyes were like those of that child there—Zanobi—who carries the effendi's water-gourd on her head, and her cheeks were round and soft as a grape after the inundation."

"I meant to wed her; and she liked me well. In the evening we sat and talked together under the whispering palm-trees."

"But when the time drew near for me to marry her, and I had arranged with her parents, there came a message from the Sheikh. He had seen the girl by the river as she went down to draw water with her face unveiled, and though she was a Nusrani, she fired his soul, and he wished to take her away from me to put her into his harem."

"When I heard that word I tore my clothes in my rage, and, all Christian that I was,

and of no account with the Moslems, I went up to the Sheikh's house in a very white anger, and I fell on my face and asked leave to see him."

"The Sheikh sat in his courtyard, inside his house, and gave audience to all men, after the fashion of Islam."

"I entered and spoke to him. 'O Sheikh,' I said boldly, 'Allah and the Khedive have prospered you with exceeding great prosperity. You have oxen and asses, buffaloes and camels, men-servants and maid-servants, much millet and cotton and corn and sugar-cane; and your harem is full of beautiful women. Now, in the village where I live is a Nusrani girl, whose name is Laila. Her eyes are bright toward mine, and I love her as the thirsty land loves water. Yet, hear, O Sheikh; word is brought me now that you wish to take this girl, who is mine; and I come to plead with you to-day. If you take away from me my Laila, my one ewe lamb—'

"But, at the word, the Sheikh (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A grisette is a French servant girl, small nut, lamb chop, edible fungus, submerged rock?
2. Who was known as "Poker-face"?
3. What is the difference between (a) a ton, and (b) a tun?
4. How much does a Clove of butter weigh?

5. What does Myra Hess do when she performs?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Coat, Waistcoat, Overcoat, Mackintosh, Jacket, Blazer.

Answers to Quiz in No. 648

1. New-born lamb.
2. Rev Studdart Kennedy.
3. Cornwall.
4. 165 cubic feet.
5. 1922.
6. 14 is not a perfect square; others are.

I Get Around By DEREK HEBENTON

THE Duchess of Gloucester's little son had his thunder stolen by the release of Paris when he arrived on August 26 at St. Matthew's nursing home in Northampton. But there will be no black-outs, fogs or white Christmases for this young man for several years to come.

Christmas comes in mid-summer in Australia, where he and his three-year-old brother, William, will live in the charming new home at Canberra that awaits Australia's Royal Governor-General.

Although there is naturally some sadness in the prospect of their long absence from dearly loved relatives and friends, for the Gloucesters will be away for at least three years, there are also many pleasant compensations.

They are taking their sports equipment with them, for the Duke and Duchess look forward to enjoying some of their favourite pastimes—riding, walking, swimming, golf and tennis.

The Duchess of Gloucester is an ardent outdoor woman. She keenly anticipates an opportunity to paint the colourful Australian landscapes around Canberra, and plans to have a little room at Government House converted into a studio.



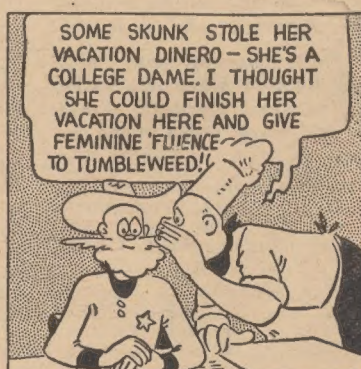
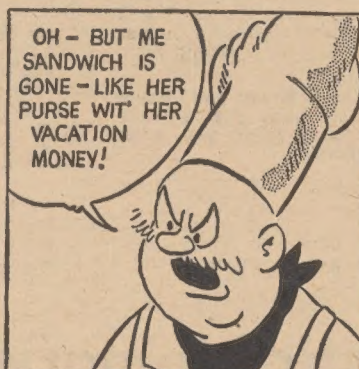
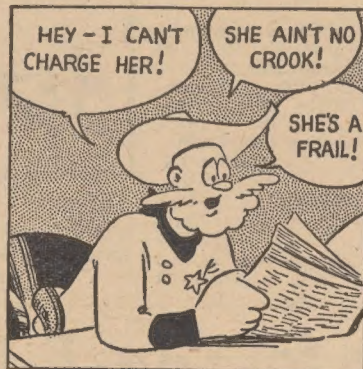
A BY-PRODUCT of modern war is a spate of new laws and regulations, many of which are involved enough to be beyond comprehension of the ordinary man.

Most of these claims await post-war settlement. Most of these new regulations will produce knotty legal points for post-war lawyers.

In anticipation of this rush of business, the Law Society has not been idle in making its arrangements, and is ready to put a scheme into operation at the end of the war.

The scheme has three objects—(1) to provide lectures and courses for the legal re-education of solicitors and articled clerks who have been out of touch with the law while on Service; (2) to find employment for qualified men as soon as possible after demobilisation; (3) in the meantime to give the serving men, who have time available, help to keep themselves up to date or continue with their studies.

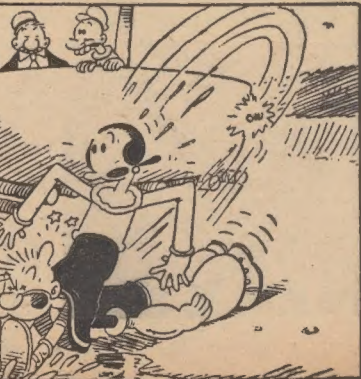
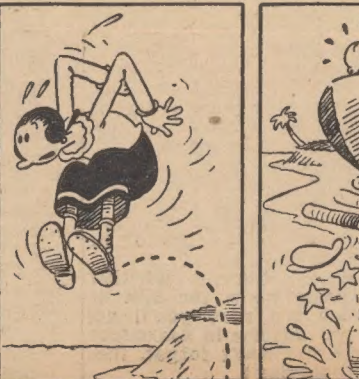
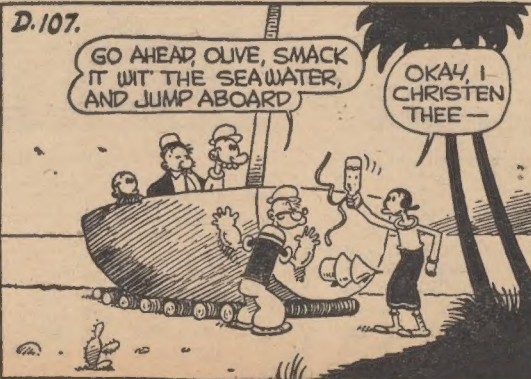
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Alex Cracks

Attorney to Witness: "You drive a wagon?"

Pat: "No, sir, I drive a horse."

Some of the chaps in the local works canteen must be under doctor's orders. They take a tablespoon after each meal.

Prospective Mistress: "How about a reference?"

Prospective Cook: "Well, since I've taken a sort of fancy to you, I shan't trouble about asking for one."

Wangling Words No. 588

1. Behead a bird and wake up.
2. In the following proverb, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Hant dolob rawte irktech si.**
3. What girl's name has Z for its exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: **The stevedore was — to hoist the — on to his shoulder with one hand.**

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 587

1. G-rumble.
2. Time is money; Knowledge is power.
3. JuDIth.
4. Beats, beast.

JANE

The Prisoner of Assiout

(Continued from Page 2)

rose up, and clenched his fist, and was very angry. 'Who is this dog,' he asked, 'that he should dare to dictate to me?' He called his slaves that waited on his nod. 'Take this fellow,' he cried in his anger, 'and flog him as I bid on his naked back, that he may know, being a Christian, an infidel dog, not to meddle with the domestic affairs of Moslems.'

'Well, effendi, at the words three strong Amabs seized me—fierce sons of the desert—and bound me hand and foot, and beat me with a hundred lashes of the kurbash till my soul was sick and faint within me.

'That night I went home to my own mud hut, with black blood in my heart, and took counsel with my brother Sirgeh how I should avenge this insult. But first I sent word by my brother to Laila's hut that Laila's father should bring her

to meet us in the dusk, in very great secrecy, by the bank of the river. In the gray twilight she came down. A dahabiah was passing, and in it was a foreigner, a very great prince, an American prince of great wealth and wisdom.

'I remember his name even. Perhaps the effendi knows him. He was Cyrus P. Quackenboss, and he came from Cincinnati.'

'I have not the honour,' I answered, smiling at this very unexpected Western intrusion.

'Well, anyhow,' my Copt continued, unheeding my smile, 'we hailed the dahabiah, and made the American prince understand how the matter stood. He was very kind. We were brother Christians.

'He took Laila on board, and promised to deliver her safe to her aunt at Karnak, so that the Sheikh might not know where the girl was gone, nor send to fetch her.

'And the counsel I took next with my brother was this: In the dead of night I rose up from my hut and put a mask of white linen over the whole of my face to conceal my features, and stole out alone, with a thick stick in my hands, and went to the Sheikh's house, down by the bank of the river.

'I broke into the Sheikh's room by the flat-roofed out-house that led to his window, and I locked the door; and there, before the Sheikh could rouse his household, I beat him, blow for blow, within an inch of his life, in revenge for my own beating, and because of his injustice in trying to take my Laila from me. Then, just as his people succeeded in forcing the door, I jumped out of the window upon the flat-roofed out-house and leaped lightly to the ground, and darted like a jackal across the open cotton-fields and between the plots of doura to my own

little hut on the outskirts of the village.

'I reached there panting, and I knew the Sheikh would kill me for my daring.

'Next morning, early, the Sheikh sent to arrest me. He was blind with rage and with the effect of the blows; his face was livid, and his cheeks purple. 'By the beard of the Prophet, Athanasio,' he said to me, hitting me hard on the cheek—my name is Athanasio, effendi, after our great patriarch—your blood shall flow for this, you dog of a Christian.'

'I cast myself down, like a slave, on the ground before him—though I hated him like sin; for it is well to abase oneself in due time before the face of authority. Besides, by that time Laila was safe, and that was all I cared about. 'Suffer for what O my Sheikh?' I cried, as though I knew not what he meant. 'What have I done to your Excellency? Who has told you evil words concerning your poor servant?'

'Take him away!' roared

the Sheikh to the three strong Arabs. 'Carry him off to be tried before the cadl at Assiout.'

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.

USELESS EUSTACE

"Hiyah, Juliet!"

KEEP THESE TWO IN CLOSE CUSTODY, ILYITCH—THEY ARE DANGEROUS!—I MUST QUESTION THE OTHER GIRL FURTHER...

NOT WHILE I'M LIKE THIS, I HOPE!

I AM SORRY I SPOILT YOUR DRESS, MADAM, BUT—

THERE!—THAT IS A MORE DECENT COVERING THAN YOUR NATIONAL COSTUME!

AND A MORE HONOURABLE ONE, COMRADE!—LONG LIFE TO THE SOVIET UNION!

RUGGLES

THIS BE CHURCH MEADOW—YOU START ON THIS ROW—Greta ON THE NEXT GLADYS ON THE THIRD AND ME ON THE FOURTH

O.K. WHO'S GOING TO FIRE THE STARTING PISTOL?

I THOUGHT 'EE WOULDN'T KEEP IT UP AT THAT PACE—STEADY AN' EVEN, THAT'S THE WAY TO GO!

PHEW!—GIVE ME BEER!

GARTH

SEND FOR ME WHEN YOU LEARN OUR ORDERS AT OXFORD, CORNET!

AYE, CAPTAIN—BUT YOU WILL HAVE NEED OF YOUR 'MAGIC RING'—THE LADY KAREN HAS TAKEN A FANCY TO YOU!...

WELL, SIR, I AM AT YOUR MERCY!—IF YOU WOULD FOLLOW UP YOUR VICTORY OVER THE FOE BY THE CONQUEST OF A FRIEND I CAN BUT SURRENDER TO SO BOLD A CAVALIER!

JUST JAKE

A cursed catastrophe occurred when the Bursar visited our cosy kitchen one murky mornin'—

—he noticed Eric and gave him a lousy leer...

WHY, COOK—THAT LAD'S ALWAYS GOT HIS MOUTH FULL—HE'S AS FAT AS A PORKER!

Cookie stood up for Eric—

NONSENSE, MR NIGGLE—HE'S A BAG O' BONES!

I TELL YOU HE'S EATING ALL THE PROFITS!

Eric tried to look thin—but just at that moment all his buttons flew off—

PING!

—and Eric got the sack!!!

GAD!—HOW I MISSED ME PAL!

AND THE PUDDINGS AND PIES!!

Very Hot Air

The new R.A.F. Hawker Tempest, grandchild of the Hawker Hurricane, is keeping up the Hawker tradition for outstanding performance. It has remarkably high rate of roll, giving quick tight turns, and does more than 430 m.p.h. Engine is famous Napier Sabre IIb. Armament is usually four 20 m.m. cannon.

Japan is preparing to produce substitute fuels when she is deprived of the natural resources in the East Indies. Petrol will be made from coal, alcohol from potatoes, and lubricating oil from pine roots. In the meantime, the newest U.S. P.47-N. fighter is being fed on special 130-octane fuel.

Russia is also keeping up in aircraft design. Recent news releases describe the IL-4, a 230 m.p.h. light bomber; LA-5, a 1,600 h.p. single-seater fighter which can do 370 m.p.h. at 16,500 feet; YAK-3, a single-seater night fighter; and the TU-2 attack bomber, with a maximum of 348 m.p.h. and a service ceiling of 36,000 feet, the same as that of the Spit. I of Battle of Britain fame.

Douglas's A.26, Invader, claims to be the world's fastest Attacker-medium heavy-fighter-bomber-ground-strafer. This would be true if the latest Mozzie was 30 m.p.h. slower. But it ain't! Anyhow, the A.26 is plenty versatile.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

CLODS KNAVE
ERRATA FEN
RABID NITRE
EVIL SATED
FETLOCK RIB
E SPEAR A
RAG UNSEALS
VOILE FRET
MARNE STEVE
RIC NUANCE
SLEPT WEARY

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- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Hindrance. 10 Pronoun. 11 Push forward. 12 Ambassador's office. 15 Greek T. 16 Mixed type. 17 Pervade. 18 Soft food. 20 Moral. 22 Recumbent. 24 Hold forth. 26 Burns and Keats. 28 Guided. 29 Not up. 31 Damp. 33 Be on chair. 34 Place of concealment. 36 Necessitate. 38 Collection of sayings. 39 Colony.
- CLUES DOWN.—2 Indian Province. 3 Under. 4 Snare. 5 Spill. 6 Exclaim. 7 Towards. 8 Visual. 9 Genuine. 12 Quietened. 14 Beleaguering. 17 Tree. 18 Gave joy to. 19 Thin tube. 21 Soaked from tube. 23 Incline. 25 Town of Morocco. 27 Woven fabric. 30 Dust receptacles. 32 Side. 34 Success. 35 Unity. 37 Close to.

MONTH OF COMMENCEMENT OF WAR SERVICE

EXAMPLES.

A man born in 1920 whose service began in October, 1940, will be in the same group (33) as a man born in 1900 whose service began in January, 1944.

NOTE 2. -- War service, in general, means whole time service in the Armed Forces since 3rd September, 1939, which counts for Service pay. Breaks in service in consequence of temporary release, etc., do not count as war service, and may result in a man being placed in a later age and service Group.